

## Perfect Nothings by Random\_Nerd3

**Series:** [Stranger Things Flangst \[1\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Billy Hargrove Is Bad at Feelings, Enemies to Lovers, Gay Billy Hargrove, I wanted to write fluff, M/M, Protective Steve Harrington, also billy gets food poisoning, and fluffy, brainrot fluff, discord made me do it, its fine, just dumb boys being dumb, kind of, look - Freeform, so that happens, then this happened

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

In the aftermath of the summer's events Billy's struggling to keep things together. Luckily Steve will be there to pick the pieces up for him.

## Perfect Nothings

### Author's Note:

This is essentially just me writing brainrot Stilly fluff because i needed this in my life also hi this is my first stranger things fanfic.

anyways, enjoy!

~ Ren

Billy's hair's pulled back into a tight ponytail - one he stole from Max, not that it matters at this point. He's bracing himself against the sink in the school bathroom, his fingers gripping the sides of the basin hard enough for his knuckles to turn white. He's shaking, his muscles clenching tightly as he dips his head low into the bin, his eyes squeezed shut. "Fuck," he curses, the word slipping out of his mouth as a healthy helping of bile spills out of his throat and splashes into the sink. He groans and his stomach clenches so he wraps an arm around his chest and leans his forehead against the cracked glass of the mirror in front of him.

He looks like absolute shit, and he's very aware of the fact that no one is going to check on him. It was just - it was *just* a hot dog. Billy peels his eyes open to stare at his skeletal face, his hollowed out cheekbones and his pale white complexion, a stark difference compared to his physical body back in California. Here there was no perfect all-star beach body to keep up standards with, in Hawkins they didn't care about appearance or muscle or *flab* and Max still had to eat so what if Billy had skipped a few meals here and there? Especially after the fucking monster that took over his body died, so what if he's been avoiding food or Max and *everyone* since the fucking monster got defeated.

So what if he thought that really fucking gross hot dog sitting at the

top of the trash can lid by the dumpster next to the loading dock looked good... so what if he ate it, just a little bit? It was one bite, maybe two but it was the first thing he's had to eat in ages and now everything hurts like a fucking *bitch*. "You look like hell." Someone's voice says, floating into Billy's right ear then right out of his left one. His arms aren't shaking as bad but then he doubles over and coughs a hacking, ugly ass loud cough and throws up into the sink again and falls to his knees, his head resting against the sink basin. "Jesus! Hargrove, Max would knife me if I let you die." The person is keeling next to him, and then a hand is on Billy's shoulder and Billy tenses.

The world tilts sideways and maybe his vision slides into a lens of unfocused storm, raging in the sea of darkness left behind by the monster's wake. He didn't need anyone's help, he brought this onto himself. By being such a shitty brother to Max, by fucking - Billy turns and squeezes his eyes shut as he throws up all over the person's shoes. "G'way," Billy mumbles, weakly pushing his hand against the guy's chest but instead of falling backwards he just falls into him as he gets tugged to his feet.

"Yeah, no. I'm not gonna let you die for a second time." They hook their arms around Billy's waist to support him and help him shuffle towards the bathroom door. Blinking in confusion Billy finally takes a few seconds to tilt his head to look at who his savior was and - he frantically tries to push away from Steve and ends up shouldering himself into a wall of lockers. Steve mutters a strand of cuss words under his breath - no wonder those kids of his have a mouth on them that'll rival a New Yorker. "Billy, come on dude." Steve attempts to touch him again and he flinches back, scooting away from the outstretched arm.

"Hate me," Billy blinks up at Steve and breathes heavily, his back supported against the lockers and his knees pulled to his chest. "You wanna hurt me. For that brat from earlier." Billy pulls himself into a fetal position and just wants Steve to go *away*. He wants Steve to go

away because Billy is dangerous - to himself and other people. Especially the people who get close to him, the people who he lets in. They always get hurt the most... just look at Max.

Steve doesn't go away though.

If anything Steve sits closer to him and Billy can't bring himself to figure out why.

He sits against the lockers, his head between his knees as he breathes heavily, trying to catch his breath. "Why?" Billy asks, not bothering to even spare Steve a glance. Maybe the punch will hurt less if he's not looking directly at the other boy.

"Why what?" Steve asks back, sounding as confused as Billy felt. A strong arm wraps around Billy's shoulders and Billy wants to pull away but he just... maybe... leans into the touch... just a little bit. "Why don't I want you to die? I'm pretty sure Max would bury me alive -"

"- no why," Billy cuts Steve off as he speaks, his voice as dry as a dessert as it scratches the back of his throat. His stomach churns and he swallows thickly, wrapping an arm around his stomach. "Don't you wanna punch me?" He slumps into Steve's chest, not much else for him to go off of. He groans and turns to press his face into Steve's shoulder, inhaling deeply as Steve drapes his letterman over his shoulders.

"Cause you're a dick but I'm better than that now," Steve says quietly, remembering how angry he got while he was whaling on

Jonathan not one year ago. A year was a long time, a lot of things have changed since then - his anger being one of them. Billy chuckles, the sound rattling around in his chest but there.

“Good for - for you,” Billy says, coughing between words. They sit there for a while, one minute, two, ten, Billy loses track. It’s hard to keep an eye on the time when King Steve is cradling you on the floor of the school hallway in front of the bathroom after you had food poisoning. Steve’s hand brushes through his hair, gently undoing the braid to curl strands around his fingers gently. Billy makes a sound akin to a light, happy purr as he nuzzles into Steve a little bit more.

“You like that huh?” Steve asks, Billy can feel his smirk without having to look directly at him. Billy bites Steve’s neck and Steve’s breath hitches. “Hey!” The shout of protest doesn’t cover the breathlessness of his voice and Billy just smiles into Steve’s neck.

“Hey.” Billy says back, wrapping his limbs around Steve.

“If you throw up on me I’m going to eat you,” Steve warns when Billy’s face turns white again. Billy nibbles at Steve’s earlobe.

“I thought that’s what the plan was,” Billy snarks back. Steve tugs Billy out of his neck by the roots of his hair and Billy gasps, looking at Steve with frantically blinking eyes and a mischievous smile on his face.

“Billy why the fuck would you give yourself food poisoning?” Steve asks, gently cupping his face. Billy, despite himself, leans into the touch with a soft smile. Steve’s thumb gently traces along Billy’s

cheekbone and Billy licks at it like a cat.

“I didn't *give* myself food poisoning dumbass,” Billy’s hands find their way into Steve’s hair this time, and he marvels at how soft the blond’s curls are. “Got hungry and... ateahotdogonadumpster.” He mumbles, smushing the words together. Smush smush words, smushing words is fun. Steve chuckles and tugs Billy closer.

“You ate a bad hot dog?” He asks, gently tipping Billy’s chin up so they’re looking at each other. Billy’s ears blush bright red and he swallows thickly.

“Mmm,” Billy hums and smiles a little bit at Steve. “I got hungry... it was on a dumpster.” Steve chuckles warmly, the sound deep from his throat. Like a lion. A kitten and a lion, who knew?

“You ate dumpster food? Do you wanna get something to eat?” Steve asks, concern in his voice as he watches for Billy’s reaction. Billy blinks and takes Steve’s wrist in his hand, gently butting his head into his palm.

“I’m okay now,” Billy hums and snuggles into Steve’s chest, pressing his face into it with a warm smile.

“I bet you are,” Steve presses a soft kiss to the top of Billy’s head and nuzzles his nose into his locks.

**Author's Note:**

Yell at me on Tumblr: @Random-nerd-3